Digging Out

My favorite day of the year is not marked down on any calendar, but when the sun starts shining and the snow starts to melt, it's time to go outside and take down the piles. Spring is slowly coming to New England, but sometimes it needs a little help. Each shovelful of snow lands with a satisfying sound; each diamond crystal sparkling in the sun.

This is the real reason for my efforts--the bright glint of ice is what I am longing to see, more dear to me than any gemstone or jewel. I love the shimmer of stars dancing in a midnight sky, the twinkle of sequins on the princess dress our grandchild wore unceasingly for days. It's the sparkle of your eyes when you come home from being away. I can see delight and surprise residing there.

Please say it's me. I want to be the reason for your joy. I am the treasure waiting to be unearthed. I've cleared you a path back to me.

EM REYNOLDS
Post Mills, VT